

COURT SECRETS:

OR, THE

Lady's Chronicle

Historical *and* Gallant.

FROM

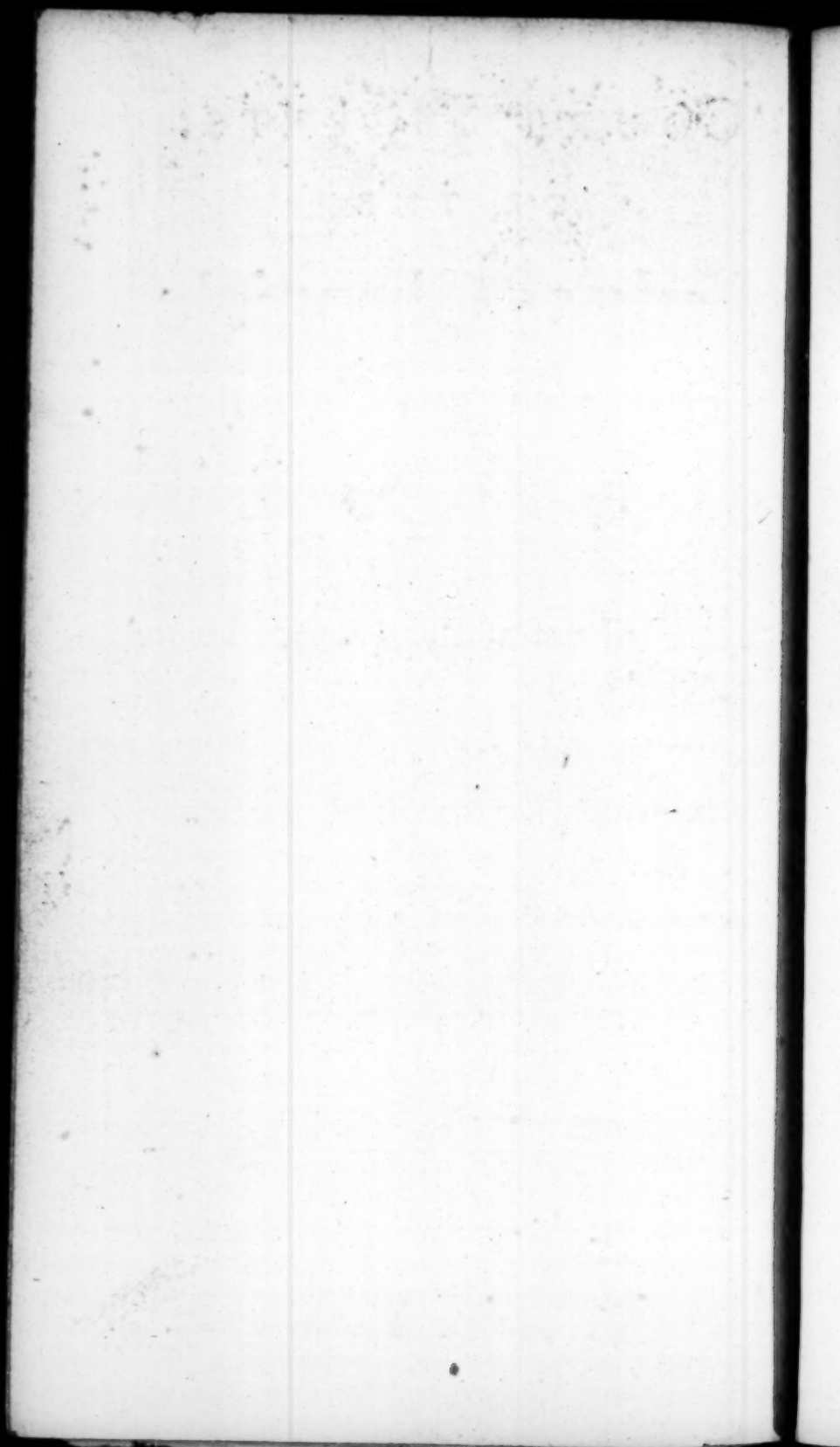
The YEAR 1671, to 1690.

Extracted from the LETTERS of
Madam DE SEVIGNE, which
have been suppressed at *Paris*.



L O N D O N:

Printed in the YEAR 1727.





TO THE
READER.

HE LETTERS of Madam *de Sevigné*, tho' written in a careless Style, yet are so natural, so easy and entertaining, that few Epistolary Performances can be compared to them in those several Respects. They likewise contain many curious Particulars, never before Published; and if the Countess of *Grignan* her Daughter's Answers to them had also been Printed, *they* would be Intelligible in many Places, which

To the READER.

which appear very Obscure for want of such a KEY. But then it must be acknowledged, that they contain a multiplicity of private Domestick Occurrences altogether useless to every READER. For which Reason I have thrown my Version into this Form, and if my Specimen be approved, I may, perhaps, be tempted to go through the Whole.

V A L E.





T H E

Lady's Chronicle

Historical and Gallant.

P A R I S, January 1671.



THE News, that goes about here, of the Government of *Brittany* being conferred upon Monsieur *De Rohan*, is very agreeable : The Man talks as in the Time of the * DUKES.—You know, that Monsieur *De Lausun*, upon his Entrance into Prison, said, *in Secula Seculorum* ; and it is my Opinion, that, in a certain Place, they answered *Amen* ; in others no.

Two Days since Mademoiselle *D'Harcourt* was married ; when a very splendid Lent-Supper was given to that whole Family ; and yesterday, a great Ball and fine Supper were prepared, at which were present the King, the

* Towards the End of the fifteenth Century, the Dutchy of *Brittany* was annexed to the Crown of France by the Marriage of *Charles VIII.* with *Anne de Bretagne*. After his Decease she espoused his Successor *Lewis XII.*

Y O L. V.

B

Queen,

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Queen, and all the Ladies in their utmost Finery : Nothing could be seen more magnificent than this Festival.

Madame *D'Audicourt* is gone, with a most inconceivable Despair ; having lost the Friendship of every one of the Ladies her Intimates, thoroughly convicted of all that Monsieur *Scaron* had constantly stickled for, and of all the Treacheries imaginable.

Yesterday Madame *De Fontevreaux* was consecrated : The most Reverend Prelates were somewhat out of Humour at their having only Stools allowed them. This is what I know of yesterday's Festival. All the Towers of the *Hôtel de Guise* were illuminated with two thousand Lanterns. The Queen immediately went to the Apartment of Madame *De Guise*, which was most gloriously set out and illuminated. All the Ladies, adorned to the best Advantage, placed themselves upon their Knees round about her Majesty, without any Distinction of Stools. They supped in this Apartment ; forty Ladies sat at Table, and the Supper was very magnificent. The King came in, and very gravely looked on, without sitting down. They went up Stairs, where every thing was ready prepared for the Ball. The King led her Majesty, honoured the Assembly with three or four Courants, and then went to sup at the *Louvre* with the ordinary Company. *Mademoiselle* would not go to the *Hôtel de Guise*. There is all I know of this Affair.

The *Dauphin* has been indisposed, but is now better. Madame *De la Valiere* is perfectly well re-established at Court : The King and Madame *De Montespan* receive her with Tears of Joy. Those Ladies have frequent Conversations full
of

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of Tendernefs: All this is difficult to comprehend; we muſt be ſilent.

FEBRUARY.

This Year nothing comes to Perfection, nor even *Monſieur Vallot's* * Indispoſition. He is much mended; and inſtead of tipping off, as I was aſſured he would, he has taken a certain Pill which has brought him to Life again. He told the King, that the ableſt Man in the Science of Phyſick he knew, was *Monſieur Du Cheſney of Mans*.

Two Days ſince *Madame Mazarin* ſet out for *Rome*.—*Monſieur De Nevers* and his Wife intend not to undertake that Journey till Summer.—*Monſieur Mazarin* has complained to his Maſteſty, that his Lady is ſent away to *Rome*, without his Conſent; that, it is an unheard-of Procedure thus to deprive a Man of his Wife; that, he has been compelled to ſettle on her a Penſion of eighty thouſand *Livres per Annum*, and to diſburſe twelve thouſand *Livres*, down upon the Nail, for the Expences of a Journey, whereof he did not in the leaſt approve, and which was very much to his Diſhonour. His Maſteſty gave him a patient Hearing; but all Things being agreed, and the Journey reſolved on, he meddled no farther. As for *Madame Mazarin*, to whatever was here ſaid to her, in order to accommodate Matters between her and her Husband, ſhe only answered, laughing, (as in the Time of the Civil Wars) NO MAZARIN, NO MAZARIN.

As to what concerns *Madame De la Valiere*, we are at our Wits Ends that we cannot oblige

* The King's chief Phyſician.

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you by returning her to *Chaillet*; but she is at Court, and far better established there than she has been for this great while; and there you must resolve to leave her.

The Duke of *Longueville* is now called *L' Abbé D' Orleans*, and the Count of *St. Paul* goes by the Name of the Duke of *Longueville*.

* Monsieur *De Vantadour* has a violent tertian Ague, infomuch that the Nuptials are retarded: A thousand fine Things are said upon this Subject. This little *D' Houdancourt* is mighty pretty: A few Days since, *L' Abbé de la Victoire* said thus to her; "Mademoiselle; there is no very great Likelihood, that you should refuse to others any Favours you grant to Monsieur *De Vantadour*:" And *Benserade* said; "I should be extremely glad, that a Mother, an Aunt, or a She-Friend would make it their Business to teaze and rally a Girl of her Make, to induce her to hate her Husband, and get herself a Gallant: Faith and Troth, they could do nothing that would become them better."

This Year, during the *Flander's* Expedition, Monsieur *De Duras* has the same general Command that Monsieur *De Lausun* had last Year; and that with so much the more Advantage, as he is to have double the Number of Troops.

The King has presented Mademoiselle *De la Motte*, her Majesty's Maid of Honour, with two hundred thousand Livres: She will soon be provided with a Husband.

* Remarkable for his Ugliness.

His

His Majesty offered to make Monsieur *De Lausun* a Marshal of *France*: He refused it, saying, he did not deserve it, and that he had not yet done Service enough; adding, that it was an Honour he should be extremely fond of, but that he would have it no otherwise than after a regular, gradual Manner.

Monsieur *D' Agueville*, thro' his assiduous Negotiation, has procured, for his Eminence the Cardinal *De Retz*, an Annuity of six thousand Livres, upon the same Funds as the Cardinal *De Bouillon* had his Pension, only with this Difference, that he lies under no Obligation for it to those good Gentlemen the Clergy.

M A R C H.

In fancying the Queen's Maids of Honour mad, you fancy not amiss; for, last Week, Mademoiselle *De Ludre Coetlogon* and the little *Du Rouvroy* were bitten by a little Bitch, belonging to *Teobon*. The Bitch since that died mad; insomuch, that *Ludre* and *Rouvroy* are, this Morning, set out for *Diepe*, in order to be thrice plunged over Head and Ears in the Sea. The Journey is melancholy: *Benferade* is quite out of his Wits at it. *Teobon* would not go along with them, though she got a Bite as well as the others. The Queen will not suffer her to attend, not knowing what may be the Consequence of this Affair.—Do not you fancy *Ludre* to resemble *Andromeda*? For my Part, I actually behold her fastened to the Rock, and *Treville* mounted on a winged Horse, killing the Monster,

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* *Ah, Jesu! Madame te Grignan; l'etrangeseuse t'être jettée toute nue tant la mer!—Ah Jesu! Madame de Grignan; how strange a thing it is to be cast into the Sea, stark naked! But this, according to my Way of thinking, is still a stranger thing; I mean to lie to morrow Night with Monsieur De Vantadour, as poor Mademoiselle D' Houdancourt is to do: I should be far more terrified at that Monster than I should be at Andromeda's, against whom either Helmet nor Shield avail, as some Italian has it.*

I believe Monsieur D' Aguevilla sends you all the News: As for my Part I have none: I should be a very proper Person to write you Word, that † Monsieur le Chancelier has taken a Clyster.

Yesterday, at Mademoiselle's, I saw a Thing that delighted me extremely. Madame De Gevres arrives, charmingly decked out, and looking very gracefully. Madame D' Arpajou was above me; I fancy the new-comer expected that I should have offered her my Place. Since the other Day, I owed her a good Turn, for a Piece of Incivility she did me, and, Faith, without Hesitation, I paid her upon the Spot. Mademoiselle was in Bed: She was, then obliged to post herself beneath the Alcove; this was very mortifying. Mademoiselle has something brought her to drink, and a Napkin was to be given

* Mimicking that Gentlewoman, who, it seems, pronounced after that ridiculous, fantastical Manner. She is often brought upon the Stage, as a singular *Precieuse*.

† Monsieur Segnier, who never went to Council without that Precaution.

her

her to wipe her Mouth. Observing Madame *De Gevres* ungloving her lean scraggy Arm and Hand for that Purpose, I gave Madame *D' Arpajou* a Jog: She takes the Hint, ungloves, and, with an admirable good Grace, advances a Step or two, cuts between her, takes the Napkin and delivers it. The poor *De Gevres* remains quite confused like one Thunder-struck: She had got up to the Alcove, and had plucked off her Gloves, and all that, merely to see, nearer at Hand, the Napkin given to her Highness by Madame *D' Arpajou*.—I love a little Mischief sometimes: It does me abundance of Good. Has any Body been ever seen to run, in order to deprive Madame *D' Arpajou* of a small Piece of Honour, which so naturally becomes her, when she was got even to the Bed-side? *La Puiffieux* made herself very merry at the Adventure. *Mademoiselle* durst not so much as lift up her Eyes. As for my own Looks, they were good for nothing at all.—Here is News for you!

I had a great deal of Company last Night, and, like *Benferade*, thought myself happy, that I was not to lie with Monsieur *De Vantadour* as did the poor pretty Girl who has arrived at that Honour. You know that *Benferade's* only Consolation for his not being * Monsieur *D' Armagnac* was his not being Monsieur *De St. Heran*.

Here is at present a Piece of News, which ingrosses the whole Talk of *Paris*. The King has commanded Monsieur *De Sessac* to quit

* The late Monsieur *Le Grand*, one of the comliest Personages of his Time, and the other as much the Reverse.

his Employ, and instantly to leave the Town. Know you what for? Why, for cheating at Play, and having won five hundred thousand Crowns with false Cards. His Majesty himself examined the Card-Maker, who at first denied, but, upon Promise of Pardon, he confessed, that he had long followed that Trade, and that the Evil might probably spread still farther, since there were several Houses that he furnished with Cards of that Fabrick. The King could not easily prevail with himself to disgrace a Person of *De Sessac's* Quality; but observing that all those who, for these last two Months, had gamed with him were utterly ruined, he thought himself obliged in Conscience to expose so singular a Piece of Knavery. He so well knew what he was about, that he always went at all upon the *Queens of Spades*, because the *Spades* were in the other Packs; and the King never missed losing upon *thirty-one* in *Clubs*, and would say, "In this Countrey, *Clubs* can never win against *Spades*!" Montieur *De Sessac* had given thirty Lovisdores to Madame *De la Valiere's* Servants, to throw into the River the Cards they had, and to introduce his own in their Stead. The Person who was his Preceptor in this fine Mystery, is one *Pradier*, who is eclipsed. So soon as the King had forbid *De Sessac* his Presence, had he been innocent, he ought to have put himself under Confinement, and to have demanded a Tryal: But that was not the Road he took; he found that of *Languedoc* the surer. Several People advised him to take that of *La Trape*, after a Disgrace of this Nature.—This is what now is alone discoursed of.

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The Marshal *De Bellefont*, out of a real Sentiment of Piety, has accommodated Matters with his Creditors : He has made over to them the whole annual Revenue of his Estate, and more than half the Product of his * Post, in order, intirely, to pay off all his Debts : A most beautiful and very commendable Action, which shews, that the Journies he has made to *La Trape* were not fruitless.

I have made a Visit to the new Dutchesse *De Vantadour* : She looks as beautiful as a little Angel. Madame *de Nevers* came in there, with a most ridiculous Head-Dress : You may believe me ; for you know how much in love I am with the Excess of any Fashion. *La Martin* had mangled her Hair, just as she herself pleased, for a Model of the Mode, most of her Hair cropped close to the Head, the rest frizzled and curled up with a hundred Papers, which all Night long make her undergo a perfect Martyrdom ; all which together makes a Head look just like a little Cabbage, quite round, and in a Word the most fantastical Sight imaginable : But still with her it all passes tolerably well ; she is young and agreeable. But all the Females of *St. Germain*, nay, *La Motte* herself, cause themselves to be so bedeviled by *La Martin*, to such a Degree, that the King, and all the Court-Ladies are ready to split their Sides with Laughing. They are now come into that pretty Mode of dressing out their Heads, to which *Mongobert* has so properly given the Appellation of *Des Boucles renversées*, Curls reversed.

†. Your Brother is at *St. Germain*. He is

* He had been Lord High-Steward, and sold the Place.

† The Marquis *De Sevigné*, Son to the Author.

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divided between * *Ninon*, an † *Actress*, and more especially *Despreaux*: We lead him a Devil's Life.

||. His Grace of *Rheims* is set out for that City. A certain Lady said to him, "What a Folly is it for you to go to *Rheims*! What do you go thither to do? You will be as sick of it as a Dog: Stay where you are, and we will divert ourselves with walking." This Harangue, made to an Arch-Bishop, set us all a laughing, and she laughed for Company: We found it not over and above Canonical; however we comprehended, that should many Ladies use the same Discourse to our Prelates, they would not, perhaps, spend their Breath to no Purpose.

The Count *D'Estrées*, the other Day, told Monsieur *De la Rochefoucault*, that, in his *Guinea* Voyage, he found himself among *Christians*, Natives of that Country: That he entered into a Church, where he met with twenty Canons, Negroes, stark-naked, with four-cornered Caps on their Heads, and Amicts on their left Arms, chanting out Hymns of Praise to the Almighty.—He intreats you to reflect upon this Rencontre, and not to imagine that they had the least Scrap of a Surplice on, just as their Mothers bore them, and black as *Demons*. This is my Commission.

Two or three Days ago, Father *Demarets*, as he was ascending the Tribunal, in the Ora-

* A young Gentlewoman, his Mistress.

† The famous *La Chammelay*, another Mistress.

|| Archbishop *Maurice Tellier*.

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tory, had a Billet put into his Hand. He put on his Spectacles, and found these Words ;

*De la part Monseigneur de Paris ;
On declare à tous les Maris,
Que leurs Femmes on baisera,
Alleluia.*

In *English* to this Purport.—On the Part of the Arch-Bishop of *Paris* ; It is declared to all Husbands, that their Wives are to be kissed. *Alleluja.*

He read it aloud above half out, and the Audience were ready to die with laughing. You see there are some People of Humour.

APRIL.

I returned from *St. Germain* yesterday. Your Health was there inquired after by no less than the whole Court : But I think I ought to distinguish her Majesty's Goodness, who advanced a Step towards me, asked how you did, adding, that she had been informed you was like to be drowned. I thanked her for the Honour she did us in remembering you. She then re-assumed the Discourse, and said, " Pray tell me, " how came your Daughter in such Danger of " being cast away ? " I told her the Particulars of your fine Piece of Rashness, in venturing upon the *Rhône* in a high Wind, and how that Wind had hurried you rapidly under an Arch, within two Fingers Breadth of the Pillar, which had you touched, your Death had been inevitable. " Was her Husband with her ? " said she. " Yes, Madame, returned I, and his Grace of " *Rheims* too." " Truly, replied her Majesty, " they

"they were extremely in the Wrong," saying, Alas! Alas! several Times, with other things in your Favour, after a most obliging Manner.—After that came in several Dutcheffes, and among others the young *De Vantadour*, beautiful as a little Goddeff. It was some Moments before her * Stool was brought. "Alas!" said I, turning towards the † Lord Steward, "Let her have the Stool; she has purchased it dear enough." He was of my Opinion. Amidst the Silence of the Circle, the Queen turned to me, and said, "Who is your Grand-Daughter like, Madame?" "She is like Monsieur *De Grignan*," replied I. "Whereupon she gave a great Cry, and said softly to me; "I am very sorry for it: It would be much better for her, were she like her Mother, or Grand-Mother".—You see, my Dear, how you occasion my making my Court.

I saw Madame *De Ludre*. She came and accosted me with an Air of such super-abundant Friendship, that it surprized me. She likewise made Mention of you, in the same Tone: When, all on a sudden, as I thought to make her a Reply, I found that she gave no Ear to what I said, and her pretty little Eyes were trotting amain round the Chamber. I soon perceived it; and all those who took Notice that I observed her, seemed mightily delighted at the Fancy, and fell a laughing. She has been dipped in the Sea: The Sea has beheld her stark-

* In the Original it is *ce divin Tabouret*, meaning, as I take it, a Chair, or Stool of Distinction, according to her Rank, as a Dutcheffs, by her late Marriage with the Duke *De Vantadour*.

† The Duke *De Ludre*.

naked, to the Augmentation of her Intractability; I mean that of the Element; for as to the Damsel, she was very much humbled at it.

The out-of-the-way Head-dresses exceedingly diverted me. There are some that ones very Fingers itch to be a cuffing of them. Mademoiselle *De Choiseul* resembled, as *Ninon* says, those Representatives of the *Spring* one meets with at Inns, upon the Road: This Comparison is excellent. But what a dangerous Creature is this *Ninon*! I am touched to the Quick at the Mischief she does to your Brother: Madame *De la Fayette* and I use our utmost Efforts to divert him from an Engagement of Consequences so prejudicial. He has over and above an Actress, as I told you, and the *Despreaux* and the *Racines* along with her. This is a hopeful Course he is fallen into! He is utterly out of Conceit with Father *Mascaron's* Lectures; I believe your *Minim* would fit his Turn much better. I never in my Life met with any thing so pleasant as what you wrote me upon that Head: I read it to Monsieur *De la Rochefoucault*, who laughed at it very heartily. Both he and I imagine *Merlusine* to be got crammed up into some Auger-hole, for we hear not one Syllable concerning her. He enjoins me to let you know, that if he was thirty Years younger, he should have a violent Propension to have a Rubbers at Monsieur *De Grignan's* third Rib: He is ready to die with laughing at that Passage of yours, where you mention two of his Ribs being broken.

In good Earnest, we heartily condole your not having the Conveniency of hearing God

spoken of any otherwise than as you tell us: How can one be induced to love God, if one never hears him well talked of! You must have a larger and more particular Portion of Grace than other People. A few Days ago, we heard *L' Abbé De Montmort* preach. I was never at so fine a Fast-Sermon since I was created, and wished you at the hearing of such a one instead of those of your *Minim*. He made the Sign of the Cross, delivered his Text, did not scold, gave us no foul Language, called no Names, intreated us not to be afraid of Death, since it was the only Passage we could take, in order to our Resurrection with JESUS CHRIST. We comply with his Request, and so we part all satisfied. There is nothing in his Doctrine that shocks: He imitates Monsieur *D' Agen* without copying him: He is bold, modest, learned, devout, and, in a Word, I was extremely pleased and content.

I wonder at the Way and Behaviour of your *Provencal* Ladies: The Description you give of the Ceremonies they use is admirable: But do not you know, that they put my Blood into a Ferment, and that I am surpris'd, how you are able to endure such Impertinencies? You fancy I should do mighty well in *Provence*, and perform Miracles with my affable, obliging Temper. Not at all. I should be perfectly brutal and unmannerly. All irregular Proceedings sting me, and Insincerity offends me. I should even say; "Madame, Let us consider what we are about. Shall I re-conduct you to the Place from whence you came? Pray give me Leave to do it, and let us not spend our Time and our Breath in vain; or if

" you

"you will not, take it not amiss that I cannot stand upon much Ceremony." I do not admire at your being sometimes out of Patience; I should be less able to swallow it than you are.

We will now talk a little about your Brother. *Ninon* has dismissed him. She grew weary of loving without being beloved, claimed her Letters back again, and has had them all returned. This Separation pleased me very much: I was every now and then putting in a Word or two, to mind him of his Creator, reminding him of his former good Sentiments, and exhorting him not to extinguish in his Breast all Sense of Goodness and Piety. Had it not been for this Liberty of sometimes giving him such a Lecture, I should never have suffered myself to be made his *Confident*, in Matters with which I had no manner of Business. But this is not all: When one loses in one Place, we think to make up the Loss in another; but often find our selves deceived. The young *Mereville* has not yet broke off, though it is believed she will.

What brought your Brother upon the Hunt after me, from the other End of all *Paris*, to communicate to me the Accident that had befallen him, was this. He met with a favourable Opportunity: Matters fell out strangely: The Nymph had never been in any such Rencontre: The Cavalier came scurvily off, utterly routed, and fancied himself bewitched. But what you will find the pleasantest of the whole Story, is, that he was quite out of his Wits to acquaint me with the fine Discovery he had made of himself. We were very merry at this his Disgrace; and I told him, I was extremely

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tremely glad to find him punished by his own darling Sin. He fell foul upon me for it, upbraiding me with having participated to him my Ice, assuring me, that he could very well be without resembling me in that Particular, and that I had done much better to have bestowed it all upon my Daughter. He would needs have Doctor *Pequet* sent for, to restore him, and said the foolishhest Things imaginable, and so did I too. It was a Scene truly worthy a *Moliere's* Pen. What is the real Fact, is, that his Imagination is so strongly bridled, that he will not very soon recover himself. To very little Purpose it was for me to affirm Love's Empire to be continually abounding with tragical Events; he could not admit of the least Consolation. As for the little Baggage, she says, that it is apparent that he loves her no longer; and she seeks Comfort elsewhere.—In short it is a Disorder that makes me laugh; and I could most heartily wish, it might prove a means of breaking him off from a Course so detrimental to his Soul's Welfare.—Some Days since, he told me, that a Comedian was about marrying, notwithstanding he was well tinged with a certain dangerous Distemper; and that another of the Players, his Camerade, said, “ Ah ! *Morbleu* ! Stay till thou “ art cured : Thou wilt be the Ruin of us all. ” A good smart Epigram ; at least I found it so. —*Ninon* always told him, he was no better than a Pumpkin fryed in Snow. You see what it is to keep good Company ; one learns abundance of pretty things.—*La Maran* said a day or two ago ; “ Lord ! I must get my Hair cut after the “ new Mode. ” *Madame De la Fayette*, with a great deal of Goodness, replied ; “ Do not “ attempt it, Madame; it suits none but young
“ Peo-

" People. " If you like not these pretty little Stories, tell better.

Three or four Days since, *Branças* blundered headlong into a Ditch, where he established himself so well, that he asked those who came to his Assistance, What Service they required at his Hands? All his Glass Baubles were shattered in Pieces, and had he not been more fortunate than wise, his Noddle had met with the like Fate. This scurvy Adventure has not in the least cured him of his Madness. The Morning I heard of his Disgrace, I sent to acquaint him with the Danger he had been in of breaking his Neck; giving him to understand, that himself was the only Person in all *Paris* who was ignorant of that Piece of News, with Assurances of the Uneasiness I had been in upon his Account: I wait for an Answer.

Chocolate is no longer to me what it has been: The Fashion drags me along with it, as it generally does every Body. All those who, heretofore, have extolled it to the very Skies in my Hearing, now tell me a thousand of its ill Qualities. They charge it with all our Ailments, accusing it of being the Source of Vapours, Palpitations, and the like. It flatters us, they say, for a while, and then, all on a sudden, kindles within us a continual Fever, which leads us to the Grave. In a Word, the High-Steward, who used to live upon it, has declared himself its mortal Enemy. I leave you to judge whether or no I can possibly be of a contrary Sentiment. I therefore conjure you not to engage yourself in its Defense; but consider that now drinking Chocolate is not the modish Air. All the very Great, and the less Great ones

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Speak as much in its Dispraise as they do in your Commendation.

The Letter you sent your Brother was admirable. You happened to guess very exactly: He is in the high Mode, up to the very Eyes. No *Easter*, no *Jubilee*; and I find nothing good in him, but his Fear of being guilty of Sacrilege; and that is chiefly owing to my Care in implanting Notions of the Horror of such a Sin. But the Distemper of his Soul is now fallen upon his Body; and his Mistresses are of a Stamp not to put up with such Inconveniencies with Patience. God does all for the best. I am in Hopes, that a Journey to *Lorrain* will break all those abominable Engagements. He is pleasant and whimsical enough. He says he is like old *Æson*, and that he designs to get himself boiled up in a Cauldron full of Medicinal Herbs, in order to re-invigorate him a little. He tells me all his Fooleries; I scold at him, scruple letting him tell me his Absurdities, and yet suffer it, and listen. He makes me merry, and endeavours to humour me: I am not unacquainted with the Sort of Love and Friendship he has for me. He is over-joyed, he says, at the Love and Tenderness you express in my Regard, and jestingly, gives me a thousand Attacks on Account of my Attachment to you. I acknowledge, my Dear, that it is excessive; even should I go about to conceal it, I cannot.

A little more Discourse about your Brother, besides what we had the other Day. He is so weak, that it would make one sick to think of it. To others he is just what they please to make of him. Yesterday, three of his

his Companions thought fit to take him out to Supper, at a blessed Place. He went. Those Chaps are too adroit to run any Risque themselves. They call upon your Brother to *pay*; I mean *personally*, in the pitiful Plight he is still in. He *pays*; and then comes and tells me all, with Complaints of his having the Heart-burn. I ask him if he is not ashamed; tell him, this is not the Life of a reputable Person, and that, by thus exposing himself, he would soon do his Business. After this, I preach to him a little: He agrees to every Word I say, owns me to be in the Right, and goes on just in the same Road, neither more nor less. He has quitted his Actress, after having *loved* her, after his Manner, when he was in her Company. Whenever he wrote to her, it was real and in earnest; a Moment after he made Game of her, without either Reason or Conscience. *Ninon* has quitted him: When she *loved* him, he was unfortunate: He is in Despair at his being no longer *beloved* by her, and the more so, by Reason that she does not express abundance of Esteem for him when she speaks of him. She calls him Milk-sop, Soul of Pap, Body of Wet Paper, Heart of Pumpkin fryed in Snow. Nothing would serve her, a few Days ago, but he must needs give her all his Actresses Letters: He did so. She had made her jealous, and she had a Design of sacrificing them to a Gallant of that our Theatrical Princess, in order to procure her a few Drubs. This he came and told me of; and I gave him to understand, that it was a most infamous Procedure in him, thus to cut the poor Wretch's Throat for having loved him; that she had not sacrificed his Letters, but had

had generously returned them; that it was a base, mean Piece of Treachery, wholly unbecoming a Man of Honour and Quality; and that even in Matters of Indecency there was a certain Decency to be observed. He came into these Reasons, flew away to *Ninon*, and, partly by Wheedle, and partly by Force, brought off the poor Devil's Letters, which I made him throw into the Fire. By all this you may perceive that I have some Regard for the Stage-Players. This has somewhat of Comedy in it: She has acted such Parts, and I have been imitating her. All this Nonsense he told to Monsieur *De la Rochefoucault*, who is a Lover of Originals: He approves of what I said to him, not long since, that it is not my Son's *Head* that is foolish, it is his *Heart*; his Sentiments are all true, all false; all Ice, all Fire; all Treachery, all Sincerity: In short, his Heart is a perfect Ideot. We have laughed very heartily at all this, nay, even when he himself has been in Company; for he is a pleasant Companion, and comes into every Thing. We keep a good Understanding together; I am his *Confident*; and I keep up that odious, abominable Quality, which regales my Ears with such odious, abominable Confessions, purely to have a Right of delivering my Sentiments upon all Particulars: He credits me as much as he can, begs me to redress him, and I do it like a Friend. Here is a heap of Fooleries for you! But as I know you interest yourself therein, I imagined they would be neither tiresome nor unacceptable.

All you send us concerning *La Maran*, is exquisite. What Punishments has she to undergo in the lower Regions! But do not you know,

know, that you must accompany her thither, if your Hatred to her continues? Consider, that you are to be with her there to all Eternity. I need say no more to put you in Mind of your Welfare in a future State: This Piece of good Counsel came luckily into my Head; it is an Inspiration from Heaven. She came, the other Day, to Madame *De la Fayette's*, where I was together with Monsieur *De la Rochefoucault*. In she comes bare-headed. She had been just then having her Hair cropped, for all the World like any young Girl, with her Locks soundly powdered and buckled up in prim Order. In less than a Quarter of an Hour the preparatory Introduction to her running the Gantlet was all over; and finding herself likely to be finely roasted, she was horribly out of Countenance. "In Reality, says Madame *De la Fayette* to her, you must needs be turned a downright Fool! Do you know, Madame, that you have made yourself compleatly ridiculous?" Monsieur *De la Rochefoucault* said; "Ha! Mother! Faith, Mother, we must not have done with you so soon. Pray come nearer that we may see you cleverly, if you do not look like your Sister, whom I saw just now. Indeed, Mother, you are monstrously fine."—You are acquainted with these Tones; as for the Words, they are the very same, and after Nature.—For my Part, I laughed under my Hood; and she for hers, was so out of Countenance, that not able to stand these Attacks, she put on her Head-dress, and sat pouting and lowering up—

* She had likewise been lately cropped.

on us very grimly. This Recital may, perhaps, divert you.

Monsieur *De Salins* has turned away a Porter; nor do I know what is talked about that Matter: Something is muttered of a grey Cloak, Four in the Morning, Blows with the Flat of a Sword; all the rest is kept a Secret. They talk likewise of a certain Apostle, who make other Apostles. In short, I say nothing about these Affairs; I will not be accused of Babbling; for my Part, God be praised, I am ignorant. If this Conclusion seems a fustian Gallimaufry, you ought to value it the more upon that Account.

Yesterday, towards the Evening, the King arrived at *Chantilly*. He ran down a Stag by Moon-light; the Lanterns made a glorious Show; the Fire-works were somewhat effaced by the Brightness of our Friend the Moon: But after all, the Supper, the Gaming, and all the rest was wonderful. The fine Weather we have to Day made us hope for Consequences worthy so agreeable an Introduction: But I have just now learned what has so disordered me, that I am not able to recover myself, and which renders me scarce capable of knowing what I am writing. It is, in short, that *Vatel*, the great *Vatel*; quondam Steward to Monsieur *Fouquet*, and lastly so to his Highness the Prince, that Man of so distinguished a Capacity, whose notable Head-piece was capable of containing the whole Weight and Care of a State, the Person with whom I was so well acquainted, perceiving, at Eight this Morning, that the Fish he expected from the Sea-side was not yet come, not able to stand the Brunt of the Affront he imagined was ready to overwhelm

whelm him, has actually killed himself. You may readily conjecture what horrid Disorder so terrible a Disaster has occasioned at this Feast; and consider with yourself, that, very probably, the Fish arrived just as he expired. I know no more of it at present, and I am of Opinion that you will think I know enough. I doubt not but that the Confusion was very great: An unlucky Accident at a Feast which cost fifty thousand Crowns!—*Monfieur De Menars* is going to be married to *Mademoiselle De la Grange Neuville*: But I do not know how I can have the Courage to think of any thing but *Vatel*.

Moreuil brings me the following Particulars of what passed at *Chantilly*, in regard to the poor Man who has thus butchered himself.

His Majesty arrives on *Thursday* in the Evening, as I told you. The Collation, and all that, succeeds according to Desire. Supper is served in. The Roast is deficient at some Tables, occasioned by several Dinners that Day, which were unexpected. This struck *Vatel*: He several Times repeated; "I am lost! My Honour is forfeited and ruined! I shall never go through this Disgrace!" He said to *Gourville*; "My Head swims: I have had no Sleep these twelve Nights: Assist me in ordering Matters." *Gourville* encouraged him, and did all the Service he was able. The want of Roast-meats, not at the King's Table, but at the two twenty fifths, still ran in his Head. *Gourville* acquainted the Prince with it. His Highness came to him, into his very Bed-Chamber, and said to him; "*Vatel*; all goes mighty well: Nothing in the World could
" be

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“be finer than the King's Supper.” He replied; “Your Highness overwhelms me with Goodness: I am very sensible that two Tables wanted Roast-meats.” “Not in the least,” said the Prince; do not be disturbed; “every Thing is very well.” Night came: The Fire-works had no good Success; the Weather proved very foggy: They cost sixteen thousand Livres. At Four in the Morning, *Vatel* is every where: He finds all fast asleep; meets a little Fellow, a Purveyor, who brought him two Loads of Fish, and no more. He asked him, if that was all. The Fellow answered, Yes; as not knowing that *Vatel* had sent to all the Sea-Ports. He waited still a while longer: The other Purveyors appear not: His Head grows warm: He fancies he shall have no more Fish: he hunts out *Gourville*, and says to him; “Sir; I neither can nor will out-live this Disgrace.” *Gourville* laughs at him. *Vatel* repairs to his Chamber, fixes the Pommel of his Sword against the Door, and passes the fatal Steel quite through his Heart; but that not till the third Essay, having given himself two Stabs before, which were not judged mortal. In the mean while, Loads of Fish are brought in from all Quarters: *Vatel* is sought after to distribute it: They go to his Apartment; knock; no Reply; the Door is burst open, and he is found weltering in his Blood. Some run to carry the News to the Prince, who is in the utmost Concern.

The Duke wept: It was upon *Vatel* that he chiefly relied in his *Burgundian* Journey. His Highness, with a very sorrowful Countenance, told the King. Answer was made; “This comes of being over scrupulous in Punct-
“lies

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"loies of Honour." His Resolution is both applauded and condemned. The King said, he had deferred coming to *Chantilles* these five Years, as dreading this excessive Hurry and Confusion: He told the Prince, he ought to have had but two Tables, and not to have been at all this Expence; swearing to his Highness, that, for the future, he would never suffer him to do the like: But it was too late for poor *Vatel*. In the mean while, *Gourville* endeavours to repair *Vatel's* Loss. A glorious Dinner succeeds. A Collation in the Afternoon. They Sup; they take a Walk; they Play; they Hunt: Nothing to be smelt but the Odours of Jonquils; in a Word, every Thing is enchantingly fine. Yesterday, which was *Saturday*, they did the like; when the King went away to *Liencourt*, where he had ordered * *Media Noche*. He is to remain there all this Day.

M. A. T.

In the *Tuilleries*, a Day or two ago, we met with the Dutchesse *De la Ferté* and *De Vantadour*. The first appeared, in our Judgments, compleatly unmannerly, in answering like a Queen to the Compliments we made her upon her happy Delivery, and telling her we had been at her Gate to inquire after her Health: As for the other Lady, she behaves herself to such an Excess of Folly and Stupidity, that I now pity her Husband, superlatively mishapen and ugly as he is, and actually begin to think, that it is he who has got the bad

* That is *Midnight* in *Spanish*. A Flesh Meal the *Roman* Catholicks eat immediately after *Midnight*, usually succeeding *Fish* Days.

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Bargain. *Branças* is gone out of Town; though I know not whether I ought to believe him gone or no; for he took no Leave of me: He fancies, perhaps, he has done it. The other Day, he stood bolt-upright at Madame *De Coulange's* Table. I said to him, "Sit you down then! Are you not for any Supper?" He still keeps standing. "Why do not you sit down?" Says Madame *De Coulanges*.—*Morbleu!* replies he; Madame *De Sansaise* makes one wait for her a confounded while! I suppose no Body has told her that Supper is upon the Table." It was her he was waiting for; and she has been now about five Weeks at *Autry*. This Point of Civility, together with his serious, innocent Looks, &c. set us into a very hearty Titter.

BRITTANY. June.

The Letter you sent your Brother is far from being *fryed* in *Snow*: No Faith; you *fryed* it in *Salt*, by whole Handfuls; from the Beginning to the very last Tittle, it is a compleat Master-piece: I leave him to make you an Answer, and to acquaint you with his Success in the Parish, and how he came off at the Ball at *Vitré*.

The poor old Man you tell us of, who was broke on the Wheel, behaved himself with much more Resolution than did Count *Frangipani*, who was executed about two Months ago, at *Vienna*, for being concerned in a Conspiracy against the Emperor. This Nobleman found himself so incapable of undergoing a publick Death, that they were forced to drag him along to Execution, and to hold him between

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tween four while they butchered him. This is just the very same I should do myself

A propos. Now we are upon Executions and Tortures, here is a *pretty little* Instance, will, I believe, set you a shuddering. Monsieur *Dupleffis* had a slight Sort of an Ailment in both his Feet, much after the same Nature as you had once. Instead of going to Work with him as *Charon* did with you, he has here met with an able Artist, an *admirable Man*, says Mademoiselle *Dupleffis*, who proposed to him a *pretty little* Anodyne Remedy, which was, by main Strength, to tear up by the Roots both his great Toe-nails, in order, as he said, intirely to eradicate the Distemper, so that it may never return. He kept his Bed, with the Operation, when we arrived: At present he walks about; but so like a tottering Tower, that I fear it will be said to him, as long as he lives;

* *Monsieur, rentrez dedans ; l'ay peur que vous tombiez ;*

Vous n'etes pas trop bien assuré sur vous Jambes.

As to the rest, Mademoiselle *Dupleffis* is altogether a compleat Original. She affirmed to have heard say, That Monsieur *De Grignan* was the *prettiest Fellow one could possibly see any where*; take the Tone along with you: Had you been there, you would have boxed her

* See SCARON's *Comical Romance* of an over-grown Page, who being to act a small Part in a Comedy, and had but two Lines to repeat, yet made that abominable Blunder at the Conclusion, saying, *Jambes* (Legs) instead of *Pieds* (Feet).

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Ears. I am sometimes so unfortunate as to say a Thing that pleases her: I could wish with all my Heart you were by, to hear her praise and mimick me. She has, likewise, retained some certain Sayings of yours, when you was here, which she repeats to us with the like Grace.

* *Pomenar* is eternally involved in Affairs, wherein nothing less than his Life is concerned. A few Days ago, he was solliciting at *Rennes*, with a long Beard. Some Body asked him, "Why he did not get himself Shaved." "I!" said he; (borrowing a Saying of Sir *Thomas More*, Lord Chancellor of *England*) I should "be a very great Fool to take any Care about my Head, without knowing to whom it is to belong. The King disputes with me the Property of it: I wait till it shall be decided to whom it is to remain; if to me, I shall take Care of it." In this melancholy Manner he sollicitis his Judges.

By this Letter of your † Bishop's I here send, you will find, that we are still Friends. I think I have received this very Letter from him at least ten Times. You see he strenuously begs me to be persuaded, That *he is, with an extraordinary Veneration,—The Bishop of MARSEILLES.*—And I believe him.—Your Brother is a compleat Magazine of Folly, who must not be forgotten. We have here some-

* This Person was prosecuted for dealing in false Money. He was cleared, and paid Costs and Fees in that Species.

† This Prelate, in a certain Law-Suit, proved their great Adversary.

times

times good Conversations enough, out of which he might reap Advantage: But his Understanding is a little *fryed* in *whipt* Cream. This excepted, he is altogether amiable and agreeable. He is gone to another Ball at *Vitré*. I am afraid he will there meet with as good Company as were the ten or a dozen Rakes whom he must needs entertain at Supper a few Nights ago, at the Tower of *Seigné*. We must bear with them, though we cannot, by any Means, be said to like their Company. A pretty Sort of a Quarrel arose between him and another, about a mere Trifle, a Nothing: The *Lye* is given; the rest interpose to part them; much is talked, little said, at least to the Purpose: Monsieur the Marquis had the Honour to accommodate this Affair; after which he set out for *Rennes*.

There are great Cabals at *Vitré*. Mademoiselle *De Croque-oison* complains of Mademoiselle *De Cernet*, because there were *China-Oranges*, the other Day, at a Ball, and she got none of them. It is worth the Hearing, to be present when Mademoiselle *Dupleffis* and *La Launay* are passing their Verdicts upon this Adventure. The first suffers all the Affairs she has at that Place to remain at Sixes and Sevens, and will not set a Foot there, for fear of giving me a Jealousy of that her new Friend; nay, and to set me intirely at Ease, it is not long since she railed against her most outrageously. When it is fine Weather, all this makes me merry enough; but when it rains, I could freely cuff her, as you did upon a certain Occasion.

Madame *De Coulanges* sends me Word, that she has heard nothing at all of *Branças*, but
D 3 that,

that, of half a dozen Coach-Horses he had, there is but one remaining, and that he is the last who perceived it.

I have just now wrote to your Bishop; and as he assures me, That he shall have, as long as he lives, an extraordinary Respect and Veneration for the *Bishop of Marselles*, I, likewise, conjure him to be persuaded, That, all my live-long Days, I shall retain an extreme Consideration for the *Marchioness of Sevigné*. —My Letter will be sufficient to be the Death of him, in case he has any evil Designs against you. I take him, with all imaginable Plainness, upon his own Words: I go no farther; I stick close to his Protestations: I build upon them; and then I re-assume the Thread of our former Friendship, revived and augmented by our Alliance with the Marquis *De Grignan*, which was so much desired by him, and whose near Relation he is. At the very least, if he is capable of any Remorse, he must needs feel some Shocks, if he attempts a Breach of the good and sincere Understanding that once subsisted between us.

You send wonderful Things concerning your Ceremony at *La Fête Dieu*. They are so superlatively profane, that I am at a Loss to comprehend, how your pious * Arch-Bishop can prevail with himself to suffer them: It is true, he is an *Italian*, and that the Custom came hither out of his Country.

* Cardinal. Grimaldi.

J U L Y.

Branças has, at last, wrote me a Letter, crouded with Expressions of such Tendemess, that it makes ample Amends for all his past Forgetfulness and Neglect. He talks amain to me of his Heart in almost every Line. Were I to answer him in the same Strain, I should make a true *Portuguese* Epistle of it.

Monfieur De Foix is sometimes at the very last Extremity, and sometimes abundantly better. I would not be bound to answer for the Lives of those who are taken with the Small-Pox this Year. A young Son of the Landgrave *De Hesse* died at *Paris* lately, of a Fever, for want of being let Blood. His Mother, at parting, strictly enjoined him, not to be blooded at *Paris*, upon any Account whatever: He obeyed; and for his Obedience died.

Noirmontier is Stone-blind, past all Hopes of Recovery: You may recal to Mind your former Reflections upon that Subject. The Court is at *Paris*, and the King is so much tired of being there, that, three or four Times a Week, he goes to *Versailles*.

The Marshal *De la Ferté* has some of the prettiest original Sayings in the World. He introduced to his Spouse the Counts *De St. Paul* and *De Fiesque*, in Quality, and under the Denomination of young People, fit to be presented to the Ladies. He since reproached the Count *De St. Paul* for having been so long without coming to see him; to which he answered, That he had been very often at his House, but that, it seemed, he had not been told of it.

Does

Does not Monsieur *De Monlouet's* Death both surprise you, and raise your Pity? A Man to fall from his Horse, and expire upon the Spot! Surely, the fatal Paragraph of that his Mistress's Letter must be worth reading.

I have prevailed upon the little Original, Mademoiselle *Dupleffis*, to believe, that the grand, modish Air, now at Court, is *Liberty*: Insomuch, that when she comes to pass whole Days with me, I take the *Liberty* to read *Italian* with *La Mousse*: She is perfectly charmed with this Familiarity, and from thence actually fancies herself to be at Court.—I am still with my three Priests, who all act their Functions, exclusive of the *Mass*; that is the only Thing I want in their Company.

Mademoiselle *Dupleffis* honours us with her Presence very frequently. Yesterday, at Table, she told us, that in *Low-Brittany* they make admirable good Cheer, and that, at her Sister-in-Law's Wedding, there were twelve hundred Dishes of Roast-meats served up. We all sate like so many People petrified: However, I at length took Courage, and said to her; "Think well what you say, Mademoiselle: Did not you mean twelve Dishes of Roast-meats?" "No! Madame, replied she: There were twelve hundred, or eleven hundred; I will not be absolutely positive whether twelve or eleven hundred, for Fear of being guilty of an Untruth; but I am very well assured it was either one or the other of those Numbers."—This she had over and over twenty Times at least, and would not by any means abate us one single Puller.—As, it seems, most of the Dishes were of Fowl, we found, by Computation, that there must have been,

at the very least, about three hundred Pairs of Hands to pick, lard, &c. for had there been but about half a Dozen or so, they must have began a Month aforehand; and that the Place must have been a spacious Field, wherein several Tents were pitched for that purpose. This was a very diverting Sort of Table-chat; you would have been mightily pleased with it. Have you any among your *Provincials* that stretch their Exaggeration to such a Pitch?

We have had most sumptuous Feasting at *Vitré*. Never in my whole Life did I see such noble Cheer. No Table at Court is to compare with the most indifferent of a dozen, or fifteen we had there; but then they were for about three hundred Mouths, who had no where else to eat. The whole Province of *Brittany* got drunk that Day. As for our Parts, we dined by ourselves. Forty Gentlemen dined beneath us, and each of them drank forty Healths. His Majesty was the first Toast, and all the Glasses thrown over-head: The Pretext for so doing, was an Excess of Gratitude and Acknowledgment for one hundred thousand Crowns the King has been pleased to make a Present of to the Province out of the Contribution they were to give him, as being disposed to recompence the good Grace they had in readily complying with his Commands, by this Token of his Liberality; so that, instead of two Millions, five hundred thousand Livres, it is no more than two Millions, two hundred thousand. His Majesty has, with his own Hand, wrote to his good Province of *Brittany*, and uses many very obliging Expressions. The Governour read the Letter to the *States*. When they had demanded a Copy thereof, in order
to

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to have it Registered, a Cry of *Long live the King (Vive le Roy)* arose, which reached the very Clouds, after which all Hands to drinking; and drink they did, in good Earnest. This is the Condition I left the *States* in.

I shewed *Pomenar* what you say of him: He intends to write you an Answer: In the mean while, I assure you, that he is so unaccountably bold and audacious, that, every Day of his Life, he constantly makes *P. P.* quit the Place, to whom, as well as to the Procurer-General, he is a professed Enemy: But this is no great Matter; it is *Buffy* all over.

A U G U S T.

What say you to this Week's News? We love nothing better than Strife and Contention; but in Truth, I find that this Time we have more than we wanted. The Death of Monsieur *Du Mans* quite confounds me. I never in the least dreamed of it, any more than did he himself; and after the Manner I observed him to pass his Life, it never once fell into my Imagination, that he could die. However an insignificant Ague and Fever has carried him off in Earnest, without allowing him Opportunity of thinking either of this World, or of that to come. The little Time he had passed in Astonishment; and his tertian Ague suddenly, and before any were aware of it, put an End to his Days. Providence strikes now and then some certain Strokes of Authority with which I am well enough pleased; but we ought to make the most advantageous Application thereof.

And.

And our poor *Lenet*, who is likewise defunct : I am extremely concerned at it.—Ah! How glad should I have been, had the News of Madame *De Lione's* Disgrace come alone : That was very well employed ; for her Species of Filthiness and Dishonesty was most infamously scandalous. I had, long since, blotted her out of the Catalogue of Mothers. Most of the young People at Court are concerned at her Misfortune. She will not see her Daughter ; all her People are taken away from her : A notable Dispersion of those Lovers !

I must needs give you some Account of our *States*. Monsieur *De Chaulnes* arrived, Sunday in the Evening, with all the Tintamarre and Noise they were able to make at *Vitré*. The next Morning he wrote me a Letter, which he sent me by a Gentleman. My Answer imported, that I would dine with him. I found two great Tables in the same Apartment, which wanted for no Abundance. The Master of the Feast presided at the one, and his Lady at the other Table, each of which had fourteen Plates, Napkins, &c. laid. The good Cheer came tumbling in, and monstrous large Dishes of Roasted-meats were introduced, many of which were again carried off untouched. As for the strange over-grown Pyramids of Fruit, the Doors must be made higher to get them in : Nor did our Ancestors foresee any Thing like those Sorts of Machines ; since, so far from that, they had no manner of Notion that there was any Occasion for Doors higher than themselves. One of these Pyramids was to be brought in ; but, together with the twenty *China* Plates and Dishes which helped to compose the Fabrick, it was so compleatly over-turned at its Entrance
into

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into the Hall by the Door, that the Noise its Subversion caused, drowned and put a Stop to the Violins, Hautboys, and Trumpets.

After dinner, Messieurs *De Lomaria* and *De Coetlogon* danced several *Passe-pieds* and *Minuets* with a Couple of our young Gentlewomen, of this Province, with an Air so wonderfully agreeable and gallant, that the best of our Courtiers are not fit to hold a Candle to them. The *Bohemian* and *Low-Brittany* Step is here performed with a Delicacy and Exactness that perfectly charm.

I am very certain you would have been perfectly enchanted to have seen *Lomaria* dance: The Minuets and *Passe-pieds* at Court turn ones Stomach in Comparison with these here, which are, really, something extraordinary. They make a hundred different Sorts of Steps, yet always with so beautiful, so quick, and withal so exact a Cadence, that it surpasses all Description; nor did I ever see any Man perform in this Kind of Dance like *Lomaria*. After this little Ball, those who arrived to open the *States* came crouding in upon us in Sholes. The next Morning came the Chief-President, the Procurers and Advocates-General of the Parliament, eight Bishops, Messieurs *De Melac*, *La Corte*, and *Coetlogon* the Father, *Boucherat* from *Paris*, and fifty other *Low-Bretons*, bedaubed with Gold up to the very Eyes, with a hundred more which I did not see. Monsieur *D' Harany's* House is to be the *Louvre* of the *States*: Play, good Cheer, and an intire Liberty both Day and Night attract Swarms of Company. I had never seen the *States* before: The Sight is really pretty enough; and I actually believe, that no Province
what-

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whatever produces an Assembly which carries with it so grand an Air as this. There is not one *Breton* either at Court or in the Army, except the poor little *Guidon*, your Brother, who may perhaps, one Day or another, return along with the rest. I would not go to be present at the Opening of the *States*, it being too early an Hour for me. They will not sit long: His Majesty has no more to do than to say what he pleases to have done; not a Word be heard in Contradiction to his Commands: So that Matter is agreed upon.

As for Monsieur the Governour, I know not how nor which Way he finds himself Master of a Revenue of upwards of forty thousand Crowns, besides an Infinity of Presents, and some other Pensions, Sums for the repairing of Towns and Roads, fifteen or twenty large Tables plentifully supplied ready to his Hand, continual Gaming, everlasting Ball, a Play thrice a Week, and in a Word, every Thing in great Pomp and Splendor: Such is the Condition of our *States*. I forget three or four hundred Pipes of Wine, which he consumes; but as for this little Article, if I had not remembered to mention, it was in no Danger of being forgotten; for we have enough here who would have remembered that before any thing else.—Here are Stories to make one sleep standing! But when one is in *Brittany*, there is nothing else to talk of.

JUNE 21. 1671.

You write to me admirable things about your Ceremonies of *Corpus-Christi* Day: (at
E Aix

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Aix in Provence) they are so profane, that I cannot apprehend how your holy Archbishop (*Cardinal Grimaldi*) can bear them. 'Tis true, he is an *Italian*; and that Mode comes from his Country.

It has been reported, that some *French* Protestant Peasants being examined about Religion in the presence of the Lord-Mayor of *London*, and being asked how many *Sacraments* there are, answered: *Three; the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit.* If the Protestant Peasants have a small insight into Religion, what shall we think of the Roman-Catholic Peasants in *France, Italy, and Spain*? If they were examined, they would say strange things: they would do something worse than confounding the *Sacraments* with the Persons of the *Holy Trinity*. These words of the Gospel (*Matt. vi. 23.*) might be applied to them: *If the light, that is in you, be darkness, how great is that darkness!* I shall confirm the Truth of this Observation by a Passage out of the XLII Letter of *Madam de Sevigné*, written from her Country-seat in *Bretagne*, *October 1. 1671.* She says, that Mr. *La Mousse* (a Clergyman) catechized upon *Sundays* and *Holy-days*. The other Day, continues that Lady, he examined little Children; and after many Questions, they confounded every thing; so that when he came to ask them, who the *Virgin* was? All of them answered, one after another, *The Maker of Heaven and Earth.* Afterwards some Men and Women, and even some old Men said the same Thing. I do positively affirm, that no Protestant Peasant can be so silly, as to confound the Holy *Virgin* with the *Creator of Heaven and Earth.*

You

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You talk simply, when you say that you are afraid of the Wits. Alas! if you knew how little they are at close view, and how much they are sometimes at a loss, you would quickly have a right Notion of them. Don't you remember how much you was sometimes weary of them?

AUGUST 7. 1675.

How came I to say nothing of *St. Marcel*, when I spoke to you about *St. Genevieve*? I know not what I was thinking of. *St. Marcel* came to fetch *St. Genevieve*. The Goldsmiths carried his shrine: The Jewels were worth two Millions: It was the finest Thing in the World. *St. Genevieve* followed that Saint, being carried by her Children bare-footed, with an extraordinary Devotion. At the coming out of *Notre Dame*, good *St. Marcel* reconducted *St. Genevieve* as far as a certain Place where they parted. But do you know with what Reluctancy? Ten Men above the usual Number must carry them back, by reason of their great striving to come together; and if by Chance they came one near another, no Human Power, no Human Strength could separate them. Ask the Citizens and the People. But Care is taken to prevent their joining: The two Saints make only a kind Bow one to another; and then each of them goes home. How came I not to tell you all those Wonders?

AUGUST 16.

M. de la Feuillade is come Post (from the Army) to *Versailles*. where he surprized the

E 2.

King,

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King, and told him: Sir, some come to fetch their Wives, and others to see them. As for me, I come to see your Majesty for an Hour, and to thank you a thousand Times. I shall see no Body but your Majesty; for, 'tis to your Majesty only that I owe every Thing. He talked a good while, and then took his Leave, and told the King: Sir, I am going away, and I beseech you to make my Compliments to the Queen, the Dauphin, my Wife and Children. He got again on Horse-back, and did not see one living Soul. The King has been very well pleased with that Frolick: He said with a smile, that he had many Compliments to make. 'Tis but being Lucky: every Thing succeeds.

M A R C H 12. 1689.

The Duke of *Chaulnes* has admirably well entertained the King of *England* in his Government (*of Bretagne.*) He got two Suppers ready upon the Road, one at Ten a-Clock, and the other at Midnight, as far as *Roche-Bernard*, beyond *Nantes*. The King embraced him very much: He knew him formerly. He went into a Hall, where he found a hot Supper brought up' the finest Sea and fresh Water Fish, every Thing in good Order, many Noble Men, many Ladies. The Duke held the Napkin, and would have waited upon him at Table. The King would never consent to it, and made him Sup with him, and also many other Persons of Quality. He eat as heartily, as if there had been no Prince of *Orange* in the World. He set out the next Day, and took Shipping at *Brest* about the seventh of this Month. What an extraordinary Man is that Prince

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Prince of *Orange* ! He alone puts all *Europe*
into Motion.

D E C E M B E R 18.

Noble Lady, didn't I do well to send you the gallant Apostolical Letter (*le Poulet Apostolique*) of the Holy Father to Madam de *Chaulnes* ? You observe to me that he makes no mention of the Holy Spirit in the Election of Popes. I only took Notice of his sincere acknowledgment that he owes his Exaltation to *France* and the *French* Ambassador. That alone, and the Praises and Friendship with which he Honours our Dutcheſs, appeared to me observable. As for the Holy Spirit, my Dear, I am not afraid, he will be angry for being ſo little minded in the Conclave. He knows very well, and we too, that he always makes a Pope. Yes indeed, we that believe a Providence, know how many Ways, and how many Hands and private Wills, he performs his own Will. *Fiat Voluntas tua.*





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